

Continued from first page.

able and wiped out the title of nearly 2,000 people to their homes—homes which they and their forefathers had acquired more than forty years before and which they were cultivating and enjoying amidst the dangers and hardships of frontier life in the days when Tom Catron was shooting at the flag of their country, to the defense of which they gave many a patriotic son. A more monstrous piece of land-grabbing is not recorded in all the annals of hoghishness that make up the history of the manipulation of Spanish and Mexican grants. These pieces of land, three hundred in number, together with the common of pasture, of water, of wood, of lumber, belonged to these poor Mexican pioneers by right of primary occupation as associates of Manuel Alvarado and his eight sons under original grant of 1832, by right of possession and cultivation during all the years of defense against the savages, by right of confirmation by the United States and his immediately thereafter from the patents, by right of continued and undisturbed occupation and cultivation—by every sense of right and justice which the Beneficent Creator has implanted in the breast of every man beneath the stars except Tom Catron.

These people knew absolutely nothing of this decree of court for almost seven years after it was entered, when Catron pleaded it in bar of an action they brought against him to protect their pastures and timber rights. This suit they were compelled to dismiss in the face of this decree, and being disheartened as the native people easily become under such circumstances, the decree stands, and the long-loved, hard-earned homes of their forefathers, of themselves and their families are at the mercy of this man of "brains and energy." To be sure Catron says he does not intend to drive them off, but the word of a man who stealthily procures such a decree under the given circumstances cannot be counted as good as his bond. The decree itself and accompanying court records are public property and give the lie to his professions. Nay, at Albuquerque he stripped the veil of hypocrisy from his land-gorged personality and showed just what he is—an unblushing comorant gorged with the land grant blood of thousands who can only say, these people live there "by my permission and by my license. I am satisfied with my people"—with my peons, my dogs, "I am satisfied with my people"—yo godel it makes the hair of Justice stand on end.

When Cortez invaded Mexico for the second time he had eighty musketeers and eighty crossbowmen.

The democratic whoolmen of Nashua, N. H., have formed a bicycle campaign company.

Maud—Mamma, what is the People's party that I read so much about?

Mamma—Some vulgar entertainment, I think. Nobody in our set is giving it.—Buffalo Express.

An Electric Railway in Brussels. An electric railway is proposed between Antwerp and Brussels, and a demand for a concession to construct the line is now before the Belgian government. The average time occupied in making the journey by rail at present is one hour, and it is expected this could be reduced by the installation of an electric system to twenty-five minutes.—Exchange.

Lord Tennyson has completed his eighty-third year. He was born on Aug. 6, 1791, and is nearly five months older than Mr. Gladstone. The poet laureate spent his birthday at his summer residence, Aldworth, on the Blackdown hills, near Haslemere, with Lady Tennyson and his son, the Hon. Hallam Tennyson.

St. Louis will have an attractive feature during the World's fair celebration in the shape of an immense illuminated globe with the different continents, etc., painted on its surface.

Old Orchard has witnessed the introduction of many a novelty in surf bathing, but the very latest thing was sprung on the unsuspecting public Thursday by a party of the Imperial guests. About fifty ladies and gentlemen from that hotel, among them several theatrical people, marched down to the beach about 11 o'clock and proceeded to the Mammoth bathing house, where they arrayed themselves in surf dipping attire. Then they went out into the water, forced sets for a round dance and went through all the changes of a quadrille.

Next a waltz was introduced, and later a polka and a schottische, all taking part and going through the evolutions just as if they were in a ballroom. The sport was kept up in the water and on the smooth beach for half an hour, during which time a large number of spectators were gathered on shore to watch the spectacle.—Boston Herald.

A LEADER OF SLAVES.

ROMANTIC RISE AND FALL OF TOUSSAINT LOUVERTURE.

A Character in History Which Has Fertilized a Theme for Poets and Orators. Napoleon's Base Treatment of the Great General—His Untimely End.

Thirty years ago Toussaint Louverture was a name to conjure with. Poets and orators described his virtues and his genius and cited him as an illustrious example of the capabilities of his race. A romantic interest will always attach to his name. The fact that for fifty-four years he lived in obscurity as a slave on a Haytian plantation and the epic character of his subsequent achievements give a tinge of antique heroism to his history.

The French colony in Hayti was long one of the greatest slave marts in the world. At the time of the French revolution there were in the colony 50,000 whites, 20,000 free mulattoes and 500,000 slaves. The mulattoes, many of whom had been educated in France, took advantage of the revolution and obtained a recognition of their political rights from the French assembly; the whites of Hayti refused to recognize the decision and a war broke out which was soon complicated by an uprising of the whole slave population. On a memorable night in August, 1791, the plantations were fired and many of the whites were murdered.

Toussaint had not at this time acquired the name of Louverture. This word, meaning "the opening," was applied to him afterward because he opened a way for the freedom of his race through the chaotic conditions of the following years.

In the dreadful wars of the years following the uprising of the slaves his extraordinary influence over his race and his military genius gave him pre-eminence over all other chiefs. A design of freeing his race, which could only be accomplished by making it the ruling race of Hayti, gradually took shape in his mind and forms the key note of his career.

France, Spain and England each bid high for his alliance, but France declared for the freedom of the slaves and he finally ranged himself under the French flag. It was evidently his desire to maintain a desirable connection with a European power which would yet leave him at liberty to develop his plans for his own race, but the realization of his idea required a disinterested co-operation of which no European government was capable.

In a few years he had been recognized by France as commander in chief of the army of Hayti and was practically dictator of the island. As a ruler of Hayti he surrounded himself with the pomp of a prince, although personally retaining habits of severe simplicity. He ate sparingly and slept little, being possessed of extraordinary powers of endurance. In dignity of manner he was entirely equal to his position. He endeavored to reconcile conflicting races, and his rule was impartial and able.

But Napoleon was not the man to allow a dictator under himself. He sent an army of 20,000 men to Hayti to restore slavery and reduce the colony to subjection. Suspecting the true purpose of the expedition, Toussaint resisted the landing of the army, but finally laid down his arms after he had been assured that there was no intention of restoring slavery and that he injured the cause of his race by resistance.

He was still too powerful to be openly seized, but he was decoyed into the French quarters and was then hurried on board a vessel and carried to France. He hoped to meet Napoleon and defend his conduct, but on landing he was secretly hurried to a lonely fortress in the Alps, where he shortly afterward died. Many wild stories attributing his death to murder found credence at the time. Neglect and the change from a tropic to an Alpine climate doubtless hastened his end.

By his removal the progress of his race was doubtless retarded. While Toussaint's fate and place of imprisonment were still unknown, Wadsworth wrote the beautiful sonnet, "To Toussaint L'Ouverture." His history is the subject of a drama by Lamartine, and of a novel, "The Hour and the Man," by Harriet Martineau. During the antislavery agitation in the United States he was cited as a most illustrious example of the real capabilities of his race. A poem by Whittier and an oration by Wendell Phillips commemorate his virtues and his genius.—Detroit Free Press.

Wide Columns and the Eyesight. Eye experts insist that people who wish to preserve their eyesight will do well to confine their reading as far as possible to round, fat faced type, and to avoid that which is tall and thin. It was the shape of the type of the tiny edition of Dante produced at the French exposition almost as much as its minuteness which blinded some of the persons engaged in correcting the sheets.

Another important point is to avoid too wide a column or the eye is strained. The only way to neutralize the tendency to such strain is to turn the head from side to side, rather than the manner of short-sighted people. The width of a column of reading matter ought not to exceed at the outside two inches, because that is about the natural range of the eye when the head is kept motionless.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Where Emeralds Come From. New emerald mines have been discovered at Vegetable creek, in New South Wales. They are yielding many fine stones, but the supply is still mainly derived from the ancient deposits in the United States of Colombia, which have been worked for more than three centuries. There the gems are dug out of black limestone by primitive methods, with pickaxe and blasting.—New York Sun.

Why He Was Reluctant. A—Sir, when we were introduced to each other just now, why did you so persistently deny that we were acquainted? We have often met before, only I cannot just remember where. I suppose you are in business? B—Yes—as a pawnbroker. Tablous.—Exchange.

Grandpa's Big Effort. "I suppose you're going to Dr. Mason's funeral, grandpa?" "Oh," sneered the infirm old man, "don't talk to me about other people's funerals. It's as much as I shall be able to do to get to my own."—Exchange.

WHAT MAKES THE SWELL.

Some Interesting Points About Two Apparently Well Dressed Men.

I was standing in the lobby of the Adams House in Boston. A New York club man came in and stood talking with some one in the lobby for several minutes.

After he had gone out the man he had been talking with came over to me—he was a friend of mine—and put this question: "How does Hicks Yardly dress so well? He has only \$5,000 a year, and yet he manages to dress himself so as to look much better garbed than any Boston man I know. Strange, isn't it?"

Not at all. The Boston man dressed on a cash account and an eye to color. The New York man dressed on the basis of the science—an art because he had an eye to harmony; a science because he had a comprehensive knowledge of means to ends.

Any one knows enough not to wear a red cravat and a bottle green coat; but how many men know how to have their coats cut or their shoes shined? They leave it to their tailors, and most tailors cut a coat the same for a strippling of twenty as they would for an old man.

Hicks Yardly would have informed the Boston man that his hat was too broad brimmed, his collar was too high in front and too low in the back; that his coat was lined and his vest purple.—Oh, horrors of horrors! his cut-away had one too many buttons on it; that his waistcoat hung down like an inverted V, whereas it should bind about him like a belt; that his trousers were tight to the knees and loose from there down, whereas they should have been the reverse; that his shoes turned up at the toes—the sole of the English made shoe touches the ground from tip to heel; that his gloves were russet, whereas they should have been brick color; that his hair was short on top and long behind, whereas it should be long on top and short behind; that his mustache should not be waxed; that his topcoat was loose in front and tight fitting in the back, whereas the reverse should be the case; that his stick was a bookhorn, in the face of the well known fact that no true man of the world would carry nowadays any other than an all wood cane.

Mr. Hicks Yardly would then pause for want of breath and let the lobby, while the Bostonian drew out his Browning and turned to "Home Thoughts from Over the Sea."—Frederic Edward McKay in Kate Field's Washington.

He Liked Fishing. In the performance of my pleasant duties as editor I am called upon to greet members of the craft from every part of the world where angling is followed as a pastime. I have yet to meet one who failed to respond to my eager search for facts relative to the fish in their home waters with less eagerness and enthusiasm than evinced by myself. I have talked and queried with the uncounted and unknown and with the polished and cultivated anglers of the brooks and the lakes, and I have found them, each and all, to be possessed of valuable information as to the byways if not the highways of the art recreative.

I have been taught by the clothopper of the streams: I have gained invaluable points from the bow-fishing boy who stretches 'em out; the cowboy fisher of the gulch holes, the "wum" baiters of the Mississippi sluces, the Canadian half breeds of the Laurentian streams and the malaria saturated dweller "away down on the Suwannee river" have all dropped angling pearls along my path, and last, not least, have I gathered much from the cultured anglers of the gentlemanly remark made by an old but illiterate angling reader friend when he was first told of Sam Johnson's slur.

"Well," said he, "tell old Johnson for me that, rather than not go fishing at all, I'm willing to be the worm." Could self abnegation go further in sacrifice or enthusiasm!—American Angler.

A Miner's Hospitality. Sir Harvey Elwes, of Stoke, in Suffolk, next to boarding money, found his principal pleasure in netting partridges. He and his household, consisting of one man and two maids, lived upon these. In cold or wet weather Sir Harvey would walk up at dusk to the partridge netting, and he would have his dinner, his evening meal and his bed in the netting. When he did the old tear shed was by his servant, to whom he left the farm—value, fifty pounds per annum.

The whole of his property was left to his nephew, John Maggot, who thus inherited real and personal estate worth £350,000, or condition that he should assume the name and arms of Elwes. Of this man, who is better known as John Elwes, the miser, the following story is told: His nephew, Colonel Timms, visited him at Marcham, and after retiring to rest found himself well through. Finding that the rain was dripping through the ceiling, he moved the bed. He had not lain long before the same inconvenience again occurred. Again he rose and again the rain came down. After pushing the bed quite around the room, he found a corner where the ceiling was better secured and slept until morning.

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Warren's Idea of Dying. Warren, aged four years, had formed his idea of angels and their forms from the study of certain steel engravings, and told his mother if she scolded him again he would "die and go right to heaven." Being told that that was easier said than done, and asked how he would get there, he answered without hesitation: "Oh, I would pile up all the olive and table and boxes and ladders as far as they would go, and then I 'spect an angel would come down and set me down. And anyway I'd a good deal rather go that way than have things screwed into me!"—New York Tribune.

The Prevention of Smoke. The latest system of smoke prevention involves the use of the combined apparatus of two inventors. One invention consists of fire clay arches through which the combined air and gases are passed, and which, becoming incandescent, cause the smoke to be consumed. The other principle is the induction of a low pressure current of air by means of steam jets, and the two devices combined give a very good result, more especially when applied to steam boilers.—View.

Glass Mirrors were known in A. D. 28, but the art of making them was lost, and not rediscovered until 1590, in Venice. If cork is sunk 300 feet deep in the sea it will not rise again on account of the great pressure of the water.

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Is the Best Laundry Soap in the world and I use it in all my washing and cleaning.

MADE ONLY BY N.K. FAIRBANK & CO. ST. LOUIS.

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We claim all cattle and horses branded W S on any part of the animal, also claim all horses and cattle branded with the brand W S on both jaws.

All cows of cattle branded W S on left hip or side and on both jaws. Underneath each ear.

1000 REWARD. We desire to call attention to our brands as above described. We will pay \$100 reward for the arrest and conviction of any person or persons unlawfully handling any stock in these brands.

C F on left hip.

Range: Silver City Milk Ranch. P. O. Address: Silver City, N.M.




Range: Mountain four miles north of Silver City. P. O. Address: FRANK SILVERMAN. Silver City, N.M.




Range: Lower Middle Gila and west side of Barro Mesa. Additional brands: circle left side, cross on left hip, 24 connected and 24 connected, circle, circle, is diap ent cy.

When sold, rented or otherwise disposed of, please send to: F. O. Address, HART BROS., Lerdo, Durango, Mexico.


(Sometime on side W on Right Hip. Range: Upper Mijir. P. O. Address: JAS. M. HIGGS, Georgetown, N. M.



Range: Valley of Hot and Warm Springs. P. O. Address: GHO. WILLIAMS, Hudson, N.M.



Postoffice: Silver City, N.M. Range: Whiskey Creek.



Range: East side Mogollon mesa on left side. Additional brands: 24 connected and 24 connected, circle, circle, is diap ent cy.

Horse brand N left hip.

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